For prophecy never had its origin
in the human will (2 Peter 1:21)

Love.

Techne & Logos.

THIS ESSAY IS STILL IN PROGRESS. MOST EVERYTHING IS EXPERIMENTAL. NO PROPOSITION IS FINAL; MANY ARE BEING WASHED AWAY, AS THIS WORK IS ESSENTIALLY 18 MONTHS OLD. ONLY AN ATTEMPT IS AT WORK HERE. THE LEAST DEVELOPED SECTIONS HAVE BEEN REDACTED.

Love. The word was spoken by Heraclitus at the beginning of Occidental thought, elucidated as a basis of philosophy by Plato, recognized as God by followers of Christ, and chastised by Nietzsche as the "crown" of the hatred that spawned the two thousand year history that the highest are to overcome (*On the Genealogy of Morals*, I.7-8). Our culture finds no meaning in Love. The word is only spoken of with reverence by pop music, and no philosopher is honest enough to take Taylor Swift seriously. With the forgetting of Love we have seen nothing but the absolute proliferation of hate and indifference. We are in a global crisis that all philosophy since Plato has been helping to create. **[REDACTED.]**

We are the ones who have been gifted with technical mastery of the world. We are the ones who feast on the fruits of philosophy without having to philosophize. With technical training, we get to unquestioningly think Being. We are massively powerful children. We bring about whatever we want without having to ask what we should be doing. Our languages are so developed that we can communicate with massively powerful computers that organize the entire world. Without struggling to understand what is, we bring about Being. We do not even need to acknowledge the play of Being and Nothing to be the masters of Existence. Instead of having to petition the cosmos, we can simply do what we want to do. Everything is gathered for our use, including truth. We no longer have to ask what truth is: We just "follow" or "adhere to" the truth. Technicity has advanced to such a stage that we do not need to acknowledge that Being has abandoned us. We do not even need to acknowledge that we live lives devoid of mystery and resistance to the merely calculative. We live in a wasteland of absolute disclosure (ἀλήθεια), and we don't care. Closure (λήθη) and resistance have fallen out of themselves, just as we have. We live in an ontologically insane age where Being is unbound to concealment or unconcealment. We live where there is no healthy relationship between Being and Nothing. The drama of the philosophical West is over. Being is neither concealed nor unconcealed. The very space in which Being and Nothing can emerge, what Heidegger calls "die Lichtung (the Clearing)," should have disappeared.

What is this space? Heidegger gropes, "Brightness plays in the open and wars there with darkness… We call this openness which grants a possible letting-appear and show 'Lichtung.'" The Clearing clears as Being comes to Nothing and Nothing comes to Being. How do Being and

Nothing come to one another? And how can Everything become Nothing? how can Nothing become Everything? And how does the red rose grow up out of ice-frozen ground? how does the infinitely particular flower, once so beautiful, disintegrate into a no thing? From where does the not-yet-in-the-Clearing come? To where does the will-not-be-in-the-Clearing go? That which is is in the Clearing; that which is not is outside. Being, as that which stands apart from Nothing, is the Inside; Nothing, as that which stands apart from Being, is the Outside. Speaking with Heraclitus, we say: Being, as Nothing becoming Being, is the Outside coming in; and Nothing, as Being becoming Nothing, is the Inside going out. Being is the ecstatic embrace; Nothing is the embracing ecstasy. Being and Nothing sit, awaiting one other, as the Clearing grants their meeting and their Harmony. Through this offering of togetherness the Clearing is what it is. Opening itself to them, offering a Cleared Space, the Clearing exposes itself so that Being and Nothing might enjoin and surrender themselves to one another in their perfection and innocence. The Cleared Space is what gives the openness required for the occurrence of Being-Nothing. The Cleared Space, that primordial plain where all that has ever been is taken in by Nothing, is what allows for Being and Nothing to occur anew. The Cleared Space, finitely understood as the clearing of metaphysical Being and the possibility-necessity of the origination of Being, is "das Ereignis," the name Heidegger gave to the event of our future. Being becomes Nothing, and in Ereignis Nothing eventuates Being anew in the renewal of their divine marriage. But why must this play of Being and Nothing continue? *Why must there be Being and not just Nothing?* Why can't Nothing merely stay what it now is? Why must Being and Nothing return to one another? And why has Metaphysics always confused Harmony for War? This questioning only becomes de-finite in a horizon of concrete understanding, so let us look around ourselves honestly. There is no unconcealment; there is no concealment. So where is Being? where is Nothing? We find no where where Being is. We find no where where Nothing is. We cannot find Being or Nothing *because they are not here. We cannot find them because we drift through an utterly cleared space. We live in the beginning of a new Lichtung — Ereignis is here.* But we can't see the Lichtung; we can't see Ereignis. Perhaps this is why one of the basic problems of this generation is ensuring that there will be another generation, even if they will be fundamentally different than our grandparents were. We have no sense, so how could we be expected to believe in a future for ourselves without claiming the need to be? But if we experience the Lichtung, if we experience that the world is now only possibility, we might experience this most primordial necessity and enter Ereignis *as Dasein*, the being that we are meant to be. This is the only possible future, for "only this Clearing grants and guarantees to us humans a passage to those beings that we ourselves are not, and access to the being that we ourselves are" (*The Origin of the Work of Art*). In other words, only if we experience the complete collapse of meaning can we have an experience of the Cosmos as Dasein. Only if we become honest can we enter Ereignis truly. Only by appropriating and using the Clearing can we become who we are. Only by accepting that we must overcome the collapse of all sense can we make use of the universe towards our ultimate ends and reclaim teleology. But this is 'just' becoming self-aware. It is 'just' remembering who we were meant to be: the co-creators of the Universe. It is 'just' returning to what philosophy was meant to be: the mystery religion that saves a polity that has lost faith in its Gods and has succumbed to Nihilism. Philosophy, genuine first philosophy, is the authentic response to the mood of Nihilism, the mood of both Antigone and Plato: that we must do something, for our

polis does not worship the Gods (for Antigone, the Gods of the myths; for Plato, the Ideas, which were foreshadowed but never truly understood by the myths). The two possible responses to this mood are either to commit suicide or to lay the ground for a true polis that does obey the Gods as they are. This is philosophy and the politics of philosophy. The decision is a realization, from the very center of our Being to the reaches of the Cosmos, that we are already in the space where it is actually possible to decide between life and death. We are in the space where we can and must repeat the decision that began the West: philosophy or tragedy, life or death. It is just that we can actually make the decision this time because of Plato. Plato knew that philosophy could never succeed in his time, so he wrote secretly for those with ears to hear and bred 2500 years of commitment to the Ideal. It is now that Plato's dream can come about. We simply have to return to him. What this repetition of genuine First Philosophy might be, concretely, is an open question and cannot be decided merely on paper. We don't even know what we should call it. And it is here that the danger lies. All thinking is an appropriation of the Nothing that is the Cosmos. All hitherto philosophizing has been a being held back from things as they are — including ourselves. To be a philosopher is to appropriate your demise. Nietzsche's image of the tightrope at the beginning of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* is precisely of this falling. But Heidegger is the last philosopher, so his falling is our falling. He pulls us all with him. He walked the tightrope between Metaphysics and Ereignis — and we all jumped without realizing or consenting to it. But our being left falling means that what we thought was philosophy is no longer a way of life. We cannot walk the tightrope. Finally. Sacrificed by history, we are free from our culture's will to death, free to step beyond. But that doesn't mean that we're free from being driven to death. As evidenced by everything from the most degenerate of 'philosophies' that proliferate today to our toxin-saturated pseudo-foods, we are driven to death daily. What is needed is a new life. This life can only be a divine life: We came to where we are only because of the abandonment of the divine. Perhaps the best definition of philosophy since Plato is The forgetting of God. To live again, we must be open to God. In our falling, we cannot gain the old world, so we can focus on winning our souls. Here and now. And it is here, in our abyss, that we can realize that our closure to God holds at bay Ereignis. Our closure to God holds back the new world. But openness to God gives us our new world. This possibility is our one last responsibility, our one and only responsibility. This responsibility is hermeneutic: how we interpret Heraclitus's "Φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ," *Being loves to conceal.*

What is Love? When Christ says "Love thy neighbor as thyself," we are not being told to love our neighbors as much as ourselves, but rather that, in Love, we are our neighbor. In loving another, I experience their alterity — and they experience mine — and the difference between the two of us disappears. But not only our difference. When I experience those ecstatic moments of love between my lover and I — or, better said, my Love and I — I see everything in them. They become everything. But not just everything, not just all beings: They become a way of *Being* of all beings. Everything makes sense — in that moment. When I leave them and get on a train, knowing I won't see them for weeks, everything feels insignificant — in memory of them. Our Love dissolves all difference, but it also holds us together. This most radical destruction does not leave me floating but grounds me to my most radically individuated self. And this being is a dwelling in immediacy. No longer do I need concepts to make sense of things. Lines in books that were once confusing become immediately obvious. A life that seemed haunted by all too

many possibilities becomes easy and simple. My Love becomes my future. And as my future, as the future as far as I am concerned, my lover nihilates who I am and makes those nihils a part of who I was, building who I am by deciding who I was and who I will be. But it is not them telling me, "I am your future! You once were such and such! This is how you are now! This is how you will always be!" No. I appropriate becoming one with my Love, and the decisions are made. "Temporality (Zeitlichkeit) temporalizes as a future that makes present in the process of having-been" (*Sein und Zeit*). With them it becomes clear that Love is Dasein's temporality. Pulled out of mere facticity and into transcendence, I can immediately experience the meaning of Dasein. Love brings me into Dasein. Love brings Dasein into me. If we can love — universally and radically — then we can enter Ereignis as Dasein. Love grants us the freedom to suffer the present age and become ourselves in this suffering. The present becomes a moment, and everything becomes one. Even if, looking out from the glory of our Love, I can see the abject not-even-nothingness of all that is, I see that a meaningful future is possible — if we love. It is not clear what this future will look like, but that only elucidates that *Being loves to conceal*, *φύσις κρύπτεσθαι φιλεῖ*. Being stays concealed in Love, but Being still happens in Love. And this concealment shows itself as proper to Being in Love. In Love, I see that Being is concealing itself, making space for an understanding that this way of seeing the world is the way, the truth, and the life — and I see that this is good. I know that all is right since my world has become Love. This revelation in which all that is not Love has disappeared has granted me the most simplest of existences, as well as the ontological understanding of truth that concealment (λήθη) is necessary for revelation (ἀλήθεια, unconcealment).

Yet Being is not concealing itself today. Being is not loving. Being is not happening as it is meant to. Being has not returned to itself. We haven't returned to where we came from. Being is not yet in its truth. Being is not yet loving. Today, we are not letting Being love. We look around, control everything, and do not let Being love. But when we let Sein love, we let Da-Sein love — and when we let Da-Sein love, we let Sein love. We must listen to those moments of ecstasy in which we are pulled into Love. It is in these moments that we can step back from 'the' world as it is and prepare to be displaced into a world of Noth-ing: "Another possibility [besides boredom] of such revelation [of beings as a whole, i.e. 'the' world] is concealed in our joy in the presence of the Dasein — and not simply of the person — of a human whom we love" (*What Is Metaphysics?*). This all too overlooked line speaks to how Love, like boredom, is "the metaphysical operator in which the passage from poverty in world to world, from animal environment to human world, is realized; at issue here is nothing less than anthropogenesis, the becoming Da-sein of living man." (Agamben, *The Open*). Perhaps Love ultimately is boredom (Langewille) in its fullest sense. A certain boredom, it seems to me, has to be present for us to be taken up into Love. And don't the trivialities of life become boring in those moments? Perhaps the self-concealing of Being is Being's being bored. So Being is waiting. Being is waiting to return to its loving and its lover. And we, as the ones called to Dasein, must hear this as a call to help Being return to its loving: to let Being be.

To let Being be, we must decide to become Da-Sein, surrendering everything in the process. This requires "twisting free of the ontological difference between Being and beings" (Heidegger, *Cezanne*). We must begin to see Being in all beings. We must not overlook the Being *of beings*. And Love is the attitude that allows us to not overlook Being in beings, so the

decision to become Dasein is the decision to give up everything to Love. But this Love is not some Scholastic retreat into a Love of an uprooted God. This Love must be rooted in our concretion. This loving must be in beings just as it is in Being. In my Love, my Love of this particularity, is everything — and more. In everything making sense in my lover, Being is (in) my lover. In their nihilating me and bringing me closer to my Eigentlichkeit, Nothing is (in) my lover. In their bringing me into my own-most, nihilating what was superfluous in me, essence is (in) my lover. In my memory of them, I can will to not will: I can hear the chatter of the masses and just let it… without trying to change it. In my lover I can enter *Ge*-lassenheit. And in this sense, as the way to Gelassenheit, Love is die Kehre. Hence the name philos-sophia and the ability to speak of an individual's philosophy. Love itself is the eschatological Ereignis, and to come to love the world is to bring about a smaller Ereignis that marks a bend in the turning of history. These smaller Ereignises only occur when we are what we're meant to be at a world-historic moment. "Da-sein means being held out into Nothing" (*Was Ist Metaphisik?*). This being held out into Nothing is a being held back from things as they "are." This is the possibility of revelation, the possibility of becoming one with God, of becoming Love. Yet it is no mere subjective becoming Love, as Love is not anything subjective. To be a lover is to destroy subjectivity. In loving the world, in true cosmic oneness, we give way to Dasein as Being-in-the-world. In this oneness, we individuate most radically. This is made possible and necessary by the "transcendence of the Being of Dasein" (*Being and Time*). Becoming this transcendental Being, becoming Being itself, if only for a moment, we have the possibility of recognizing the world-historical task of loving. Thus Agamben can say,

> *Ontology, or first philosophy, is not an innocuous academic discipline, but in every sense the fundamental operation in which anthropogenesis, the becoming human of the living being, is realized. From the beginning, metaphysics is taken up in this strategy: it concerns precisely that meta that completes and preserves the overcoming of animal physis in the direction of human history. This overcoming is not an event that has been completed once and for all, but an occurrence that is always under way, that every time and in each individual decides between the human and the animal, between nature and history, between life and death* (The Open).

Transcending Umwelt (environment) and blossoming in a world (Welt), Dasein takes an open, careful stance of Love. And this beautification doesn't just happen once. Love is always happening and always happening anew. Time an ocean of Love that crashes and crashes, washing us in waves that long to come to our shores, long to clear our minds and wash our bodies. So we listen to Paul and say, When we were one way, we loved one way; when we were another way, we loved another way. In between environment and enrootedness, there is always Love — even though we're drifting. We still experience Love in some way, and we always will, even if this experience is an experience of heartbreak.[1] In this heartbreak we experience the deaths of God. In this heartbreak we lovingly cry with Christ, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (*Mark* 15:34). So we have another way of asking the first question:

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[1] That love is fundamentally heartbreak is why Taylor Swift is the Great American Poet.

Why is there Love instead of all-consuming Hate?

Why does our being destined to help beings be reign — instead of utter waste-laying? "The wasteland grows," Nietzsche says. Why does this wasteland not win? Why is it not powerful enough to lay waste to Love? Because hate grows — but only where there is Love. But why is there Love and not just this ever crawling, infinite becoming of Hate? Why is there still Love *today*, in the Age of Hate? This question falls back on 'What is Love?' Yet we ask instead, *Was heißt Lieben?* What calls on *us* to love? — But who are *we*?

We are stranded. Abandoned by the divine, we are drifting through Hell. Hell, the abandonment by God, is an infinite abyss that we need only stare at long enough to leave. We only need to adopt a gaze that doesn't try to control. We only need to love. But God is Love (*1 John* 4:8), so this 'only' is an only of Simplicity, not of ease. We need only become as God. This is what faith is good for. But the becoming God of the believer is the repetition of God in the human. This happens ever anew with every becoming-God. This happens ever anew with every becoming-a-Lover. Hence the Eternal Recurrence of the Same cannot be a mere re-instantiation of everything exactly as it was in all its facticity. There is becoming: the becoming-God of humanity, the whispering of Ereignis. Ereignis repeats itself ever anew. Love never slips into mere nihil. Becoming happens as Nothing, but as the Nothing that clears away what is unfit for Simplicity. And today we are in this Clearing: the happening of the possibility and necessity of Simplicity. That is why, at the level of culture, everything is being drudged back up and remixed. The divine testing all that has ever been and deciding what is to remain in the Beginning that is coming. We stand in the Clearing. We stand where the clearing away of the unsuitable is occurring. Love, as the unity with all that truly is, brings us into radical union with all that is in Originary Being. Therefore Love is ultimately the same as Nothing. So it's no surprise that, for the contemporaries of the emerging Lovers, loving seems like the most gross Nihilism. The lover gives up the noise and the craze of the rabble and chooses radical simplicity, universal oneness. She is meek. Yet this meekness understands that it belongs to the future as the bridge from here to there. This meekness decides what all hitherto History has been. In her thinking, the Lover wills the future. "Banks emerge as banks only as the bridge crosses the stream" (Heidegger, *Building Dwelling Thinking*). Lovers project from the old world history to the new and, in this projection, define where we've always been and will always be: in Love. By releasing what is and what is not, we show what the Clearing of Being and non-Being is. Before this Volk of Lovers has emerged, before the poets rise from the lakes (Swift, *The Lakes*), today is undefined. As such, all thinking today is poetry that only speaks a silence. Our speech is aimless pointing. All we have left today — all that does not ultimately pass into mere nihil — is a waiting for the end of the End of the Beginning. All that is left for us is experience. We are able to do no more than open ourselves to what is to come. So we stay open. We know that the hard work of the old philosophy is over. Our fathers did this part of the great work so that we could do what we need to do, and they did well. We honor them by respecting what they did to bring us to where we are today — and love. There's nothing more to do. We can only by ourselves. We find our simplicity — we find our freedom. We are free in the only knowledge we need: that we need not burden ourselves with old ambitions to do what we need to. We are free in our knowledge of how to bring the future.

Perhaps what is difficult here is our freedom, or, to speak with Hölderlin, the free use of what is proper to us. What is proper to us is that we are new but not yet matured. We in-between ones are a balancing of a frolicking knowledge and a frolicking ignorance. This balancing, being what is most difficult, is what allows us to come into being our ownmost. A balancing on this tightrope is a harmonizing of Aletheia and Lethe — and of World and Earth. This harmony is a giving up the strife of Metaphysics. Heidegger saw himself as coming closest to stepping out of Metaphysics with his poetry-thinking, but he was unable to free himself of the fundamental mood of Plato's metaphysical subjection of art: strife. He was unable to think poetry outside of a strife of differences, which, as we shall see, proves to be what keeps him back from the simplicity of pre-Platonic thinking. He is even unable to think the Lichtung, his most radical thought, outside of strife and in Harmony. Like Plato, Heidegger could only imagine a new thinking in opposition to something just as original and creative. This commitment to Strife is what kept him in Metaphysics, as Strife is the basic stance of Metaphysics. Only in Strife is it possible to form the ontological difference between Being and beings. Only with a return (Kehre) to Harmony can we free ourselves of strife and be integrated, healthy, whole — and loving. Without cleaning ourselves in this way, we will forever be trapped by the Nihilism that claimed the Occidental spirit more than two thousand years ago. When Heidegger characterized our eigentlich Sein as a Nichtsereignis, he was claimed by this Nihilism more sharply than anyone else before him. And he does this in view of who we are *in our Zeit.* This Sein — Dasein west als Nichtsereignis — is Da-Sein turned on its head. Da-Sein, in its Truth that has yet to come, that is, has yet to radicalize, is a setting roots into the Noth-ing so as to blossom into a more penetrating Noth-ing. The destiny of Dasein is a movement from Beyng (φύσις) to Beyng (Wesen) through the Nothing that is Being. Eigentlichkeit projects to Wesen from out of φύσις — through Nothing. But we, the rootless ones, the ones out of our joint, don't 'have' Wesen or φύσις. We don't even have Nothing. Right now, we can only hope to have Nothing. We can only have faith in the clearing of Nothing — and wait for Noth-ing. We can only try to be in Harmony with Gestell,[2] where no thing happens — whatever that means, wherever that leads us. We can only hope to be the first true users of Nihilism. Nietzsche could not be one. He felt that he could escape to his cabin simply because "Lightning and thunder need time; the light of the stars needs time; deeds need time, even after they are done, in order to be seen and heard" (*Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, Section 125). Today, there is no thunder. There is no lightning. There is no light. There are no stars. There are no deeds. There is no seeing. There is no hearing. There is no time. And we must be honest with ourselves. We must go all the way into Gestell for there to be any Future. Only by being honest about our situation can we actually use Nihilism and regain lightning and thunder; only by being honest can we regain the stars and their light; only by accepting that we're timeless and deedless can we regain Time and the ability to undertake; only by accepting that we're blind and deaf can we begin to see and hear. Only by being honest can we Love. Only by accepting that, today, under the reign of Nihilism, technicity is the only thing

[2] In short, *das Gestell* is that way of presencing and occurring that finally reigns under modern technicity. Gestell names the telos of Being that was released when the technical first emerged. Gestell names what calls the world to a very peculiar destiny, ordering humans, "natural resources," and and even planets and language into a grid in which all that is is technical inventory.

that we can call our world can we take up World Repair and come into Harmony and out of Strife.

This honesty is an honesty about history. It is an honesty about the history of philosophy and the history that is to come when what we thought was the West finally collapses under its glory. This honesty has two aspects, each expressing the other: fidelity to the tradition of philosophy, and awaiting and preparing that thinking that is to come once the tradition and its byproducts exhaust themselves. This fidelity is what takes place in the public sphere; this preparing is what takes place in the quiet hours of the night. The Inside being the Outside is the Christ-being of the task: When the Christ of *Mark* returned to his "native country" (6:1) and entered the Synagogue, he was taken to be a technician (τέκτων) (6:3). This occurs in the Gospel only after he says to the leaders of a Synagogue, "Do not be afraid, only have faith" (5:36) — moving directly counter to his tradition, which teaches that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (*Psalms* 111:10). Christ, the fulfillment of the tradition, gives up the tradition, but only because He is a technician.

[REDACTED.]

Freedom is the freedom to follow one's calling. — And this is the main point: one's calling. This is what Heidegger could not see. His forgetfulness of the ultimate primacy of the calling is exactly what undermines his attempt to escape metaphysics through his faulty poetry-thinking. We see this in a pivotal moment in *The Question Concerning Technics*:

> *It is of utmost importance that we think bringing-forth in its full scope and at the same time in the sense in which the Greeks thought it. Not only handcraft manufacture, not only artistic and poetical bringing into appearance and concrete imagery, is a bringing-forth, poiēsis. Physis also, the arising of something from out of itself, is a bringing-forth, poiēsis. Physis is indeed poiēsis in the highest sense. For what presences by means of physis has the bursting open belonging to bringing-forth, e.g., the bursting of a blossom into bloom, in itself (en heautōi). In contrast, what is brought forth by the artisan or the artist, e.g., the silver chalice, has the bursting open belonging to bringing forth not in itself, but in another (en allōi), in the craftsman or artist.*

The site of difference between poiesis and techne lies, for Heidegger, in poiesis-physis bursting forth in the poet, whereas craft (technique) brings forth something outside the craftsman (technician). But does the work of craft not burst forth in the work itself? Is the technician, in the highest sense of the word, not called to their craft? What calls them if not the being that comes into presence only by appropriating the technician? Is the image of the presencing of the dam on the Rhine as "Technicians decide 'I am going to make this!'" not too Cartesian? Of course. It is the dam itself that calls forth the engineer, just as the flower draws all the water and nutrients it needs to become what it is. The technician is not some isolated ego who creates the dam, but the dam brings forth the dam-technician *as* a dam-technician. Called to their technique and their techne-work, the technician emerges. And with their technician-being, their world is brought forth. When — and before, and as — they assume their calling, a world emerges around them. Things appear differently, take on a new form. Their referential context shifts; they engage with

things in new ways. A world worlds. And with it that which supports that world: If I am programming in my office, I am drawing on vast electrical networks spread throughout the soil and sea. These electrical grids and networks of cables shelter my work, and they shelter me. I am sheltered by the light they provide. I am sheltered by the reliability of my network connection. This earth brought forth by my technical craft is just as much of an earth as that upon which Van Gogh's peasant walks. An earth earths. And there is a strife between this techne-world and techne-earth to the same extent as there is between the poetic world and poetic earth: I might run some program, expecting something, and get an error merely because some deep sea cable fried (rare, but possible — and rare only because of the shelter of techne). This simple resistance of the earth makes revelation slower, thus setting it counter to what we think computation claims to desire. And the desire for fast programs, intrinsic to computation, challenges the earth to make available what resources it has to make an increase in speed possible. Earth and world are at strife here just as much as they are in poetry. So, if for Heidegger the artwork of the work of art is the strife of Earth and World, there is absolutely no reason to uphold this difference. I simply applied the formula he applied to poetry to technics and found that technics poetizes. The difference that he is trying to hold up is utter nonsense. Techne, at the end of philosophy, where cybernetics rules, poetizes just as poetry does. The difference falls: technics and poetry are One. What is actually important here is the calling: the calling to bringing-forth. That the one who discovered the existential analytic did not see this is only proof that Metaphysics is the slyest of snakes.

[REDACTED.]

They know to bring about what they see (τέχνη) and organize the world so that they can actualize their vision (λόγος). They are the technologist[3] rooted in a loving (στέργω) care for the world (Sorge). They root themselves in this world, as it is, and find the living λόγος that is in the beginning (John 1:1) that they live through. In short, they are the Lovers. As the way of life proper to those determined to become Dasein, Love is a new meditation paired with a new everydayness. Love is the basic stance required to make it through the collapse that is coming. By loving, we can finally come into ourselves. We can begin to take a step back and take care of our world. We can free ourselves of the differences that ensnared every philosopher, from Plato to Heidegger, and begin to ask who we are and who we're meant to be. All that is necessary is opening ourselves to the Love that is already here.

This openness to Love is Harmony, the true name of the Lichtung.

[REDACTED.]

[3] It should be clear by now that the word techno-logist includes artists, visionaries, and all truly religious seekers who give themselves to the mysteries and the heights. A technology is merely a way of accessing Being-Nothing.

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TO DO:

Elaborate how metaphysics is (?) masculinity/aesthetics.